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and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hote and valiant. If I had a thousand sonnes, the first humane principle I would teach them, should be, to forswear thinpotations, and to addict themselves to sacke. How now Bardolfe?

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them goe, ile through Glostershire, and there will I visit M. Robert Shallow Esquire, I haue him already tempting betweene my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I scale with him, come away.

Enter the King, Warwike, Kent, Thomas duke of Clarence, Humphrey of Gloucester.

King. Now lords, if God doth giue successefull end, To this debate that bleedeth at our doores, We will our youth leade on to higher fields, And draw no swords but what are sanctified: Our nauie is addrest, our power collected, Our substitutes in absence wel inuested, And euery thing lies leuell to our wish, Only we want a little personal strength: And pause vs til these rebels now afoote, Come vnderneath the yoke of gouernment.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your maiesty Shal soone enioy.

King. Humphrey my sonne of Gloster, where is the prince your brother?

Glo. I thinke hees gone to hunt, my lord, at Winsor.

King. And how accompanied?

Glo. I do not know, my lord.

King. Is not his brother Thomas of Clarence with him?

Glo. No, my good lord, he is in presence here.

Clar. What would my lord and father?

King. Nothing but well to thee Thomas of Clarence, How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother? He loues thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas, Thou hast a better place in his affection

Then

Henry the fourth.

Then all thy brothers, cherriish it my boy:
And noble offices thou maist effect
Of mediation after I am dead,
Betweene his greatnesse and thy other brethren:
Therefore omit him not, blunt not his loue,
Nor loose the good aduantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or carelesse of his will,
For he is gracious if he be obseru'de,
He hath a teare for pittie, and a hand,
Open as day for meeting charitie,
Yet notwithstanding being incens'd, he is flint,
As humorous as winter, and as sodaine
As flawes congealed in the spring of day:
His temper therefore must be well obseru'd,
Chide him for faults, and do it reuerently,
When you perceiue his blood inclin'd to mirth:
But being moody, giue him time and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground
Confound themselves with working, learne this Thomas,
And thou shalt proue a shelter to thy friends,
A hoope of gold to binde thy brothers in,
That the vnited vessell of their blood,
(Mingled with venome of suggestion,
As force perforce, the age will powre it in,)
Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as strong,
As Aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

Clar. I shall obserue him with all care and loue.

King. Why art thou not at Winsore with him Thomas?

Tho. He is not there to day, he dines in London.

King. And how accompanied?

Tho. With Poinces, and other his continuall followers.

King. Most subiect is the fattest soyle to weeds,
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is ouerspread with them, therefore my grieffe
Stretches it selfe beyond the howre of death:
The blood weepes from my heart when I do shape,

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